



U. S. S. ORISKANY (CVA-34)

Sunday
July 30, 1962

Sta,

Long time + no letters so I guess I'll start the ball rolling again. I don't know whether ~~me~~ ~~not~~ you are in Fort Worth or not, at present but I'm sending this to your home.

Right now I'm about eighty-five hundred miles from Fort Worth. Right between Hong Kong, China and Luzon which is the largest of the Philippine Islands. I was in Hawaii for seven days and was in the Philippines for ten days. I'm on the way to Hong Kong right now.

Sta, I could write you a book on the Philippine Islands but I will tell you about a Filipino girl whom I met, instead. You know me and my girls. Of all the girls I've known Sta, there has never ever been one like this one. I think you know I'm not stupid, and I'm certainly not drunk, on dope, ~~or~~ or anything else that may affect my common sense or good

judgment. Now that you know my present state of mind I'm prepared to tell you about this girl. First of all I'll give you a name and a slight description of her. Her name is Alice Sturabelle, she is five feet one inch tall, has black hair, black eyes, ^{and} an olive complexion. She has absolutely the most perfect personality I have ever encountered. This girl reminds me somewhat of Cathy Russell, I guess you remember her. Alice really shows me something in several respects. She's honest, religious (Catholic not Budoh), clean, and decent. When I say decent, I mean this. Until two days before I left I couldn't even kiss her and that (finally after much trying of my patience) is all I ever did. It may sound like I fell for this girl. And do you know what? I did. The ship comes to Manila in October and I'll be able to tell you more about it then.

Now I shall tell you a little bit about the country. I'll skip Hawaii for now. It was beautiful and I had a real good time there but it was just another tourist trap otherwise.

The name of the town was Olongapo. It was fairly dirty but you can't beat it for a genuine good time on slight funds. (Mine was pretty slight). I buy have an excellent brand of beer there. The name brand is San Miguel. It sells for one dollar and twenty-five cents in Hawaii and sixty centavos in P. I. (Philippines). Sixty centavos is between fifteen and twenty cents in American money. Alice and I went to a fairly nice restaurant and each had a large T-bone steak which had the usual trimmings and was fairly tasty. Both our dinners came to a total of fourteen pesos which is slightly over three dollars in American currency. All other dry goods are in comparison with the prices I just mentioned. At present the rainy season is in progress in P. I. It usually rains about every hour or so, consequently the more or less unpaved streets become quite muddy. The people eat a lot of corn-on-the-cob and cook it in small pots and urns along the side walks. It is cooked over a charcoal fire while still in the husk, ~~and~~ allowed to cool, and is then devoured with the

gests of a hound dog so to speak. I tried
some of it and it fairly tough, but sweet.
I imagine that is one reason why
most Filipinos have such clean white
teeth. As the ship pulled into port I went
aboard decks and took a look at the
terrain. It is very mountainous and every
inch is overgrown with thick vegetation
of one sort or another. The weather
is very hot and humid. As is only to
be expected in a tropical climate.

As I told you earlier in my letter the
ship will return there in October and
I can hardly wait.

I will write again after we leave
Hong Kong and tell you a bit about it.
That is when I plan on buying you a
gift of some sort. I don't know what
it will be but you can bet it will be
something very unusual. Maybe I can
get a good deal on a Chinese sayote
pelt. Just kidding.

Yours salty knobby,
Bief

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